



All NEW Stories & Art



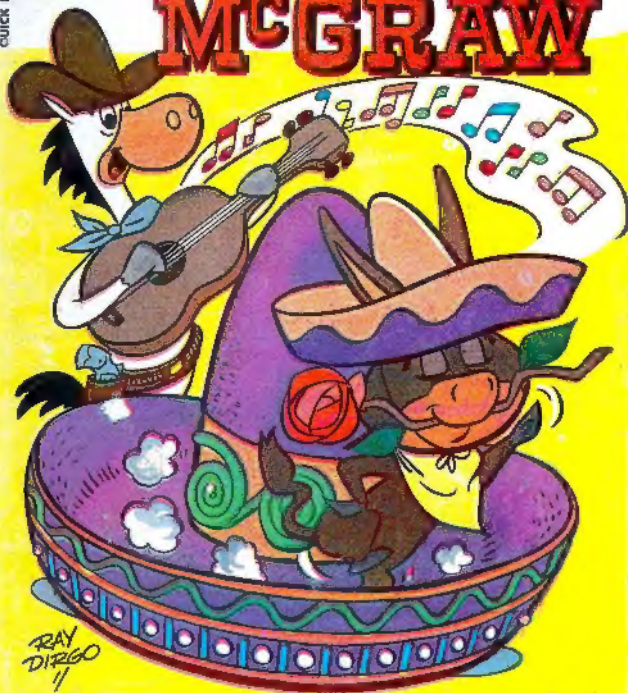
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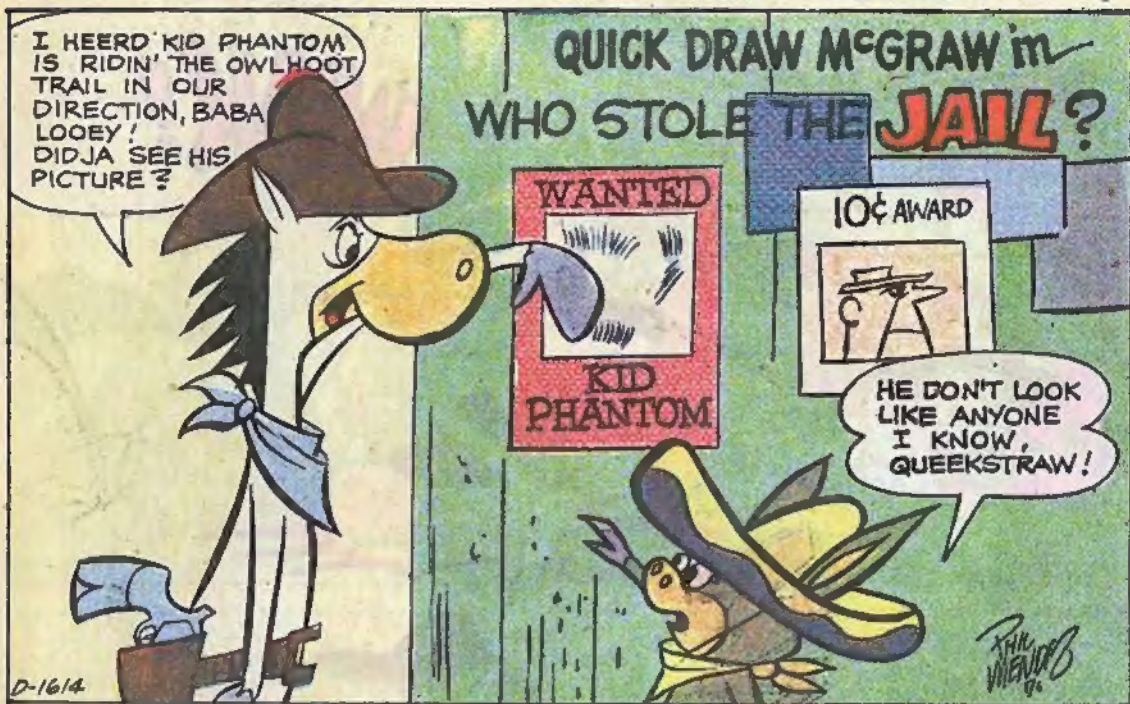
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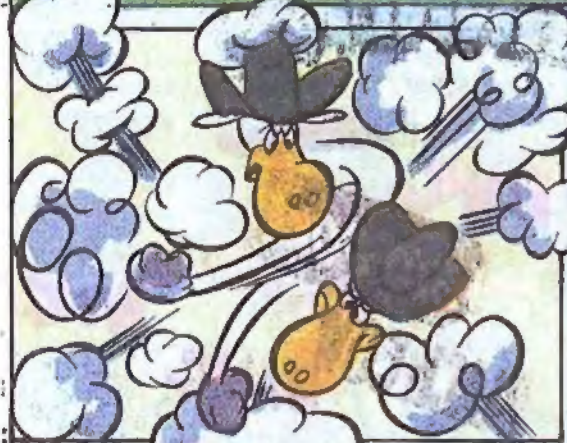




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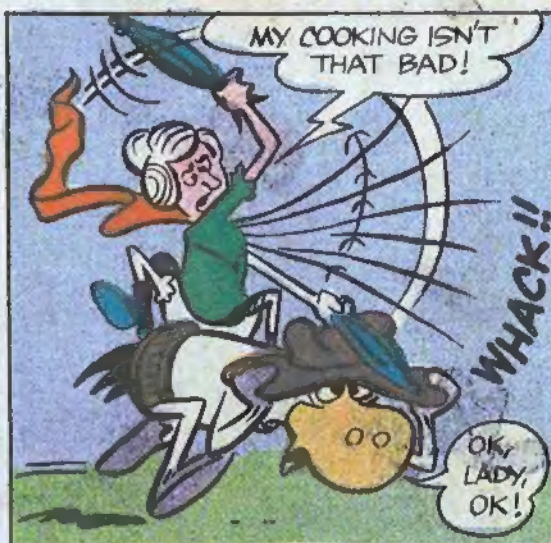


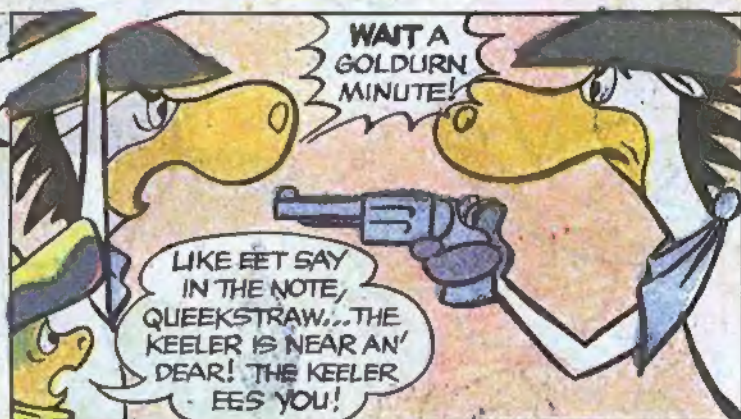
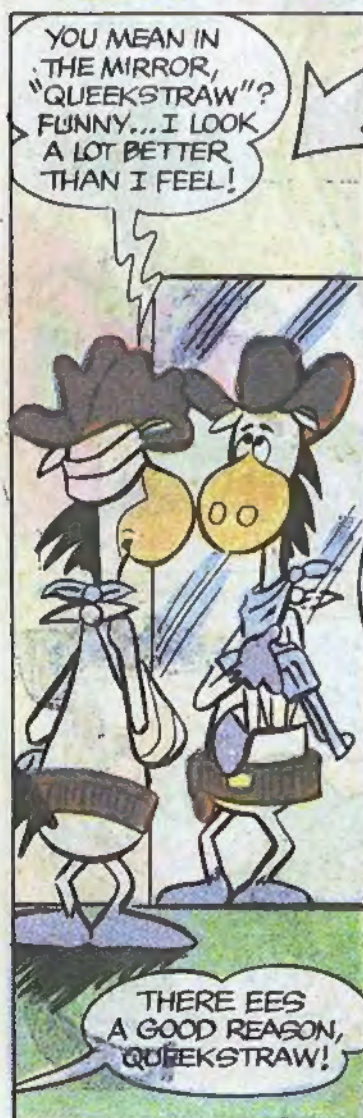












QUICK DRAW
McGRAW

the WELCOMING COMMITTEE

YOU GOTTS TO
ESCORT THE
GOVERNOR'S NISS
AROUN', QUEEK-
STRAW! YOU
ARE THE
SHERIFF AN'...

THE GOVERNOR'S NISS...
I MEAN NIECE... IS PROBABLY
UGLY AS SIN! I'M THE
SHERIFF, ALL RIGHT...

DUM DEE
DUM



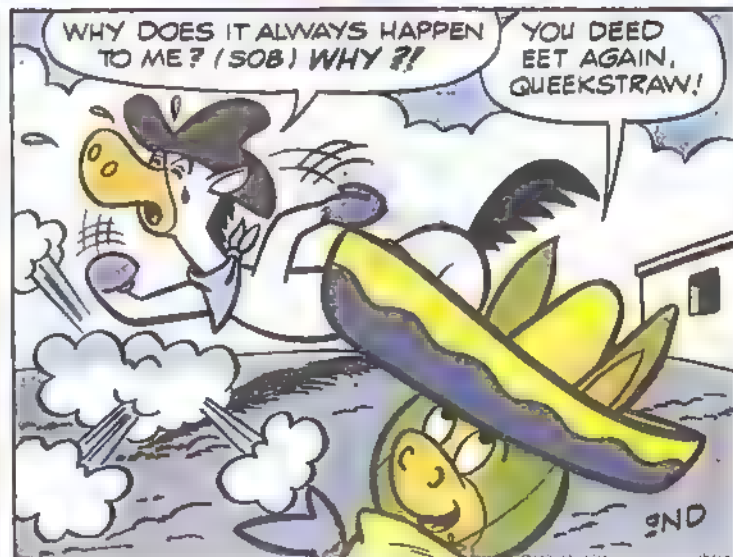
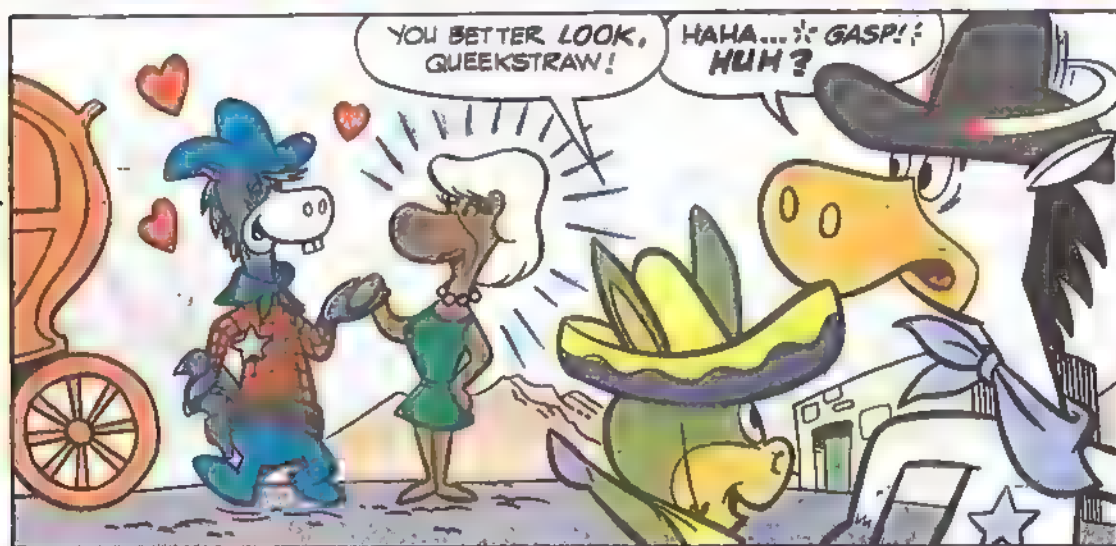
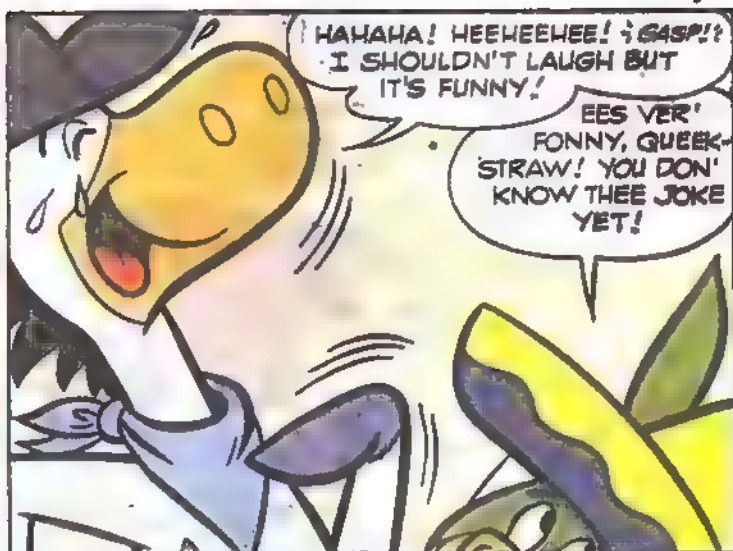
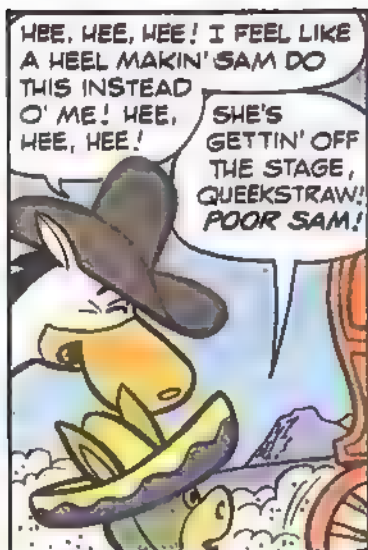
OH, NO,
DON'T
LOOK
AT ME!

I JES' DEPUTIZED YOU, SAM!
YORE FIRST DUTY AS DEPUTY
IS TUH MEET THE STAGE-
COACH AN' WELCOME THE
GOVERNOR'S NIECE!

BUCK UP, MAN! SHE'LL ONLY BE HERE
A
WEEK!

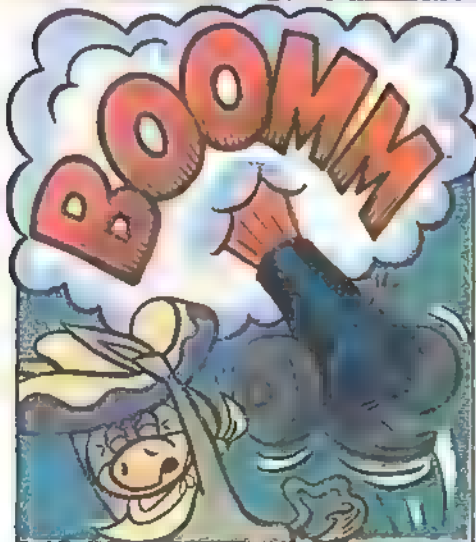
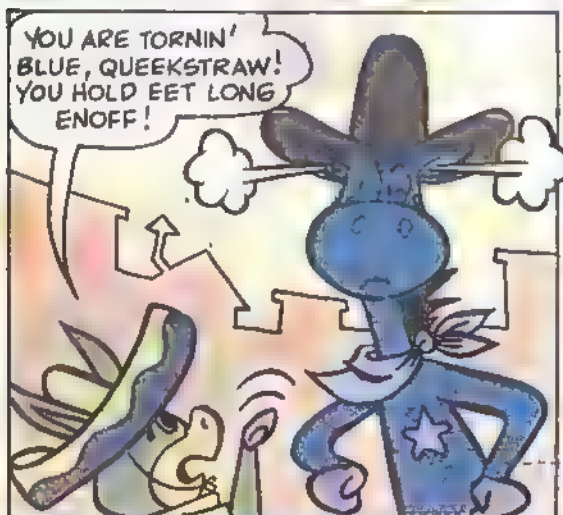
THIS HERE IS (SOB) CRUEL
AN' UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT!
I CAN'T STAND
UGLY WOMEN!

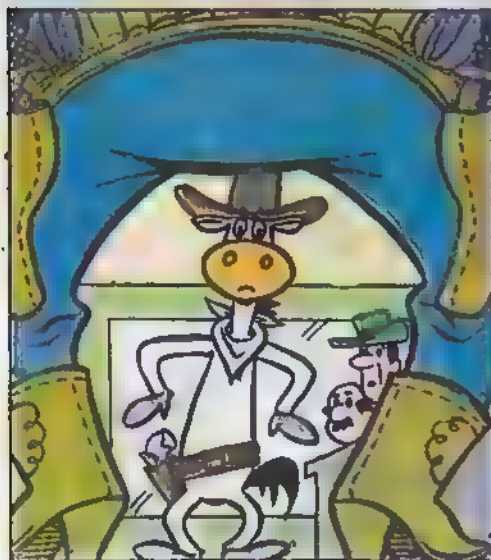
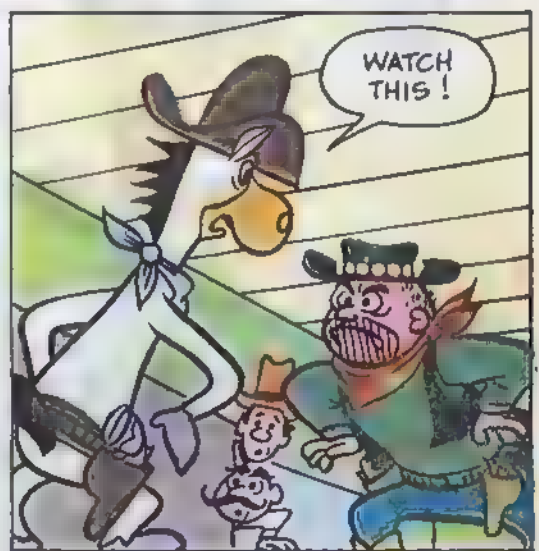
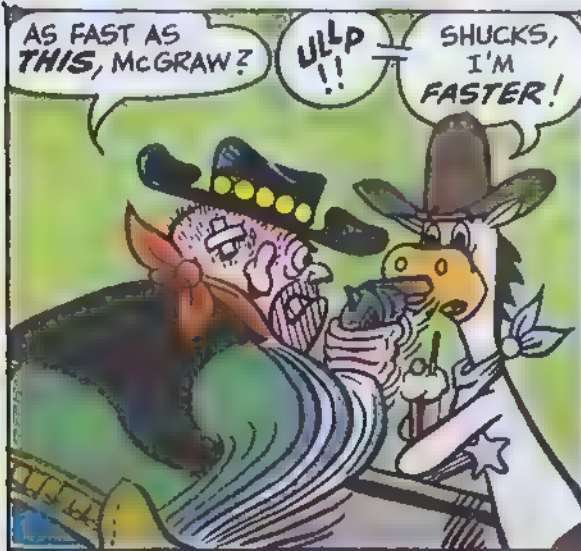
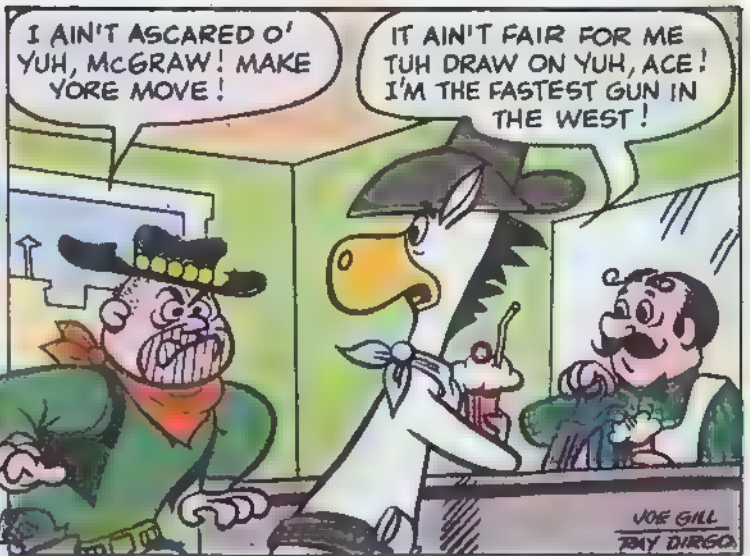
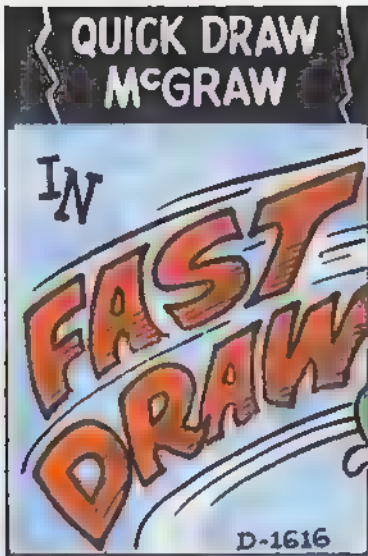


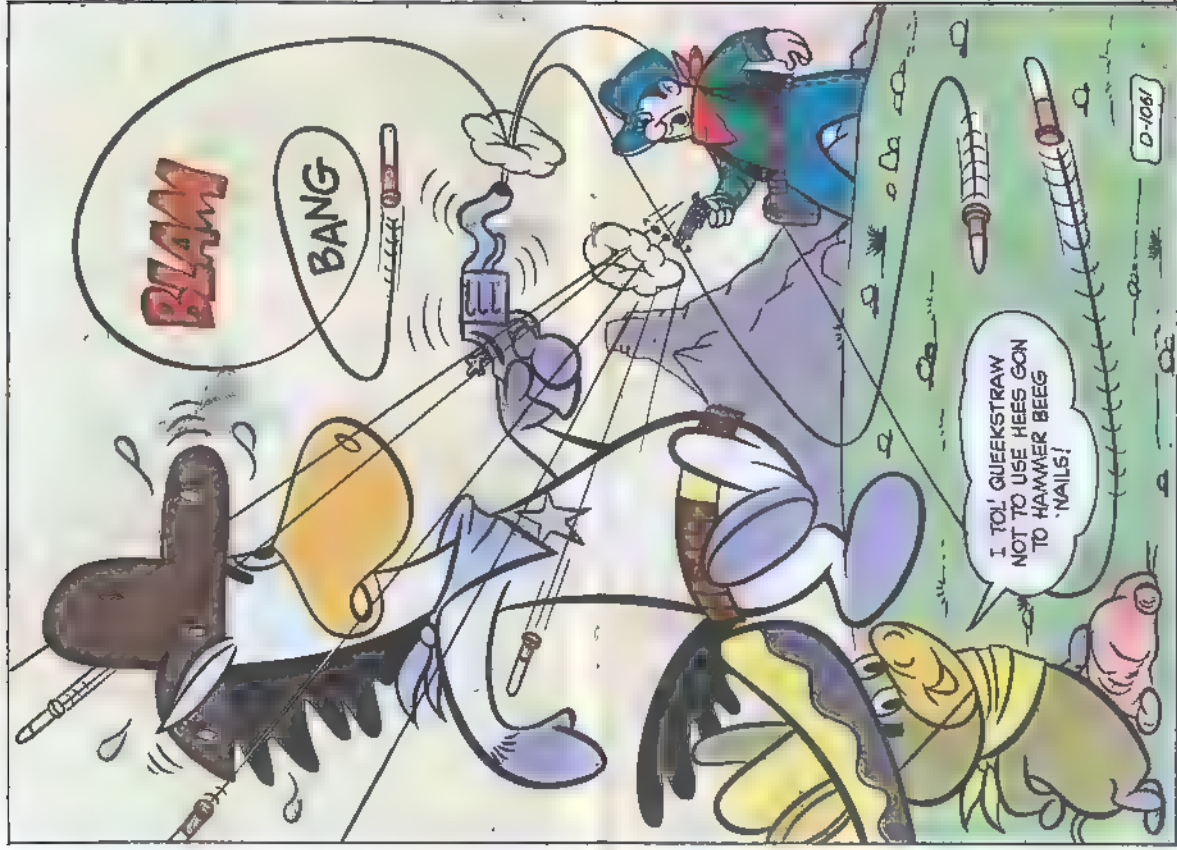


QUICK DRAW
McGRAW

HICCUPS!







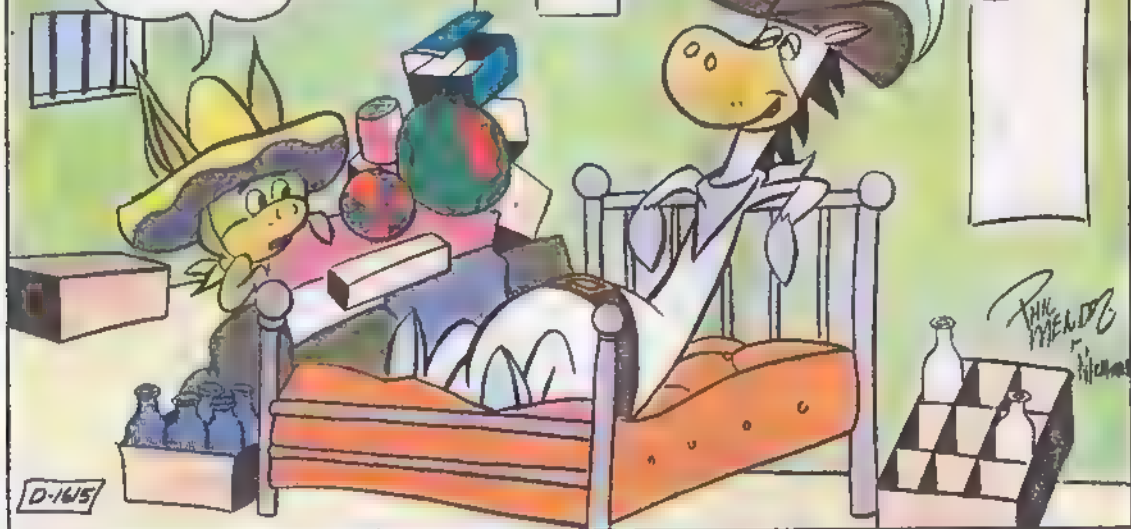
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THE NIGHTMARE!

YOU SHOULDN'T ITT SO MOCH
GOBENG TO SLIPP, QUEEKSTRAW!
YOU KNOW YOU HAVE BAD
DRIMMS!

HUH?

OH! I SHOULDN'T EAT
SO MUCH GOING TO SLEEP!
SHUCKS, BABA BABY,
THIS IS JEST A
LEETLE SNACK!



G'NIGHT, BABA
LOOEY!

ZZZZ ZZZZ

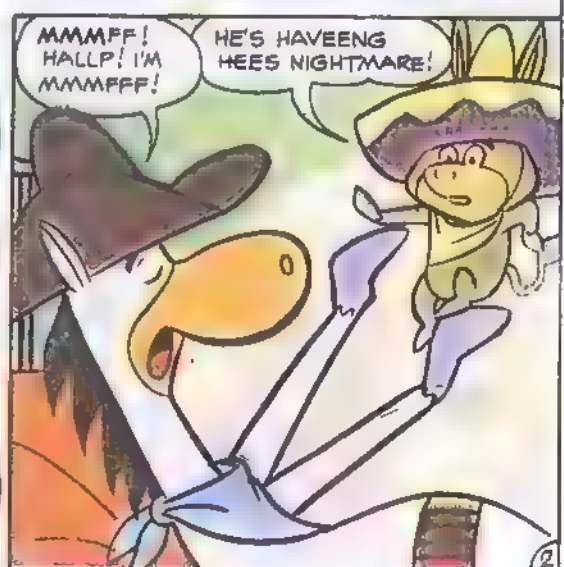
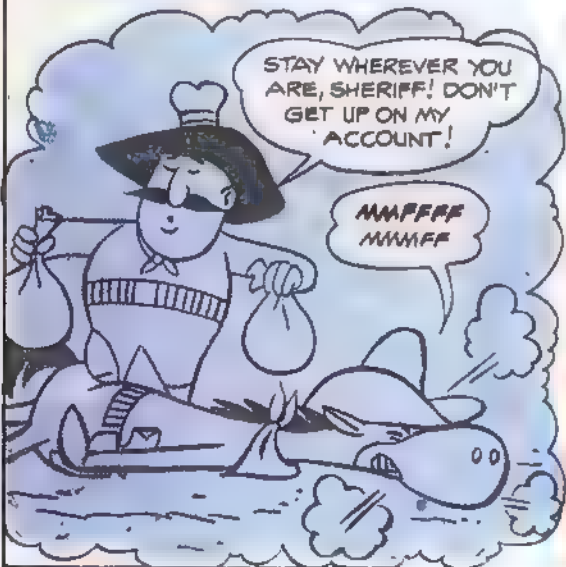
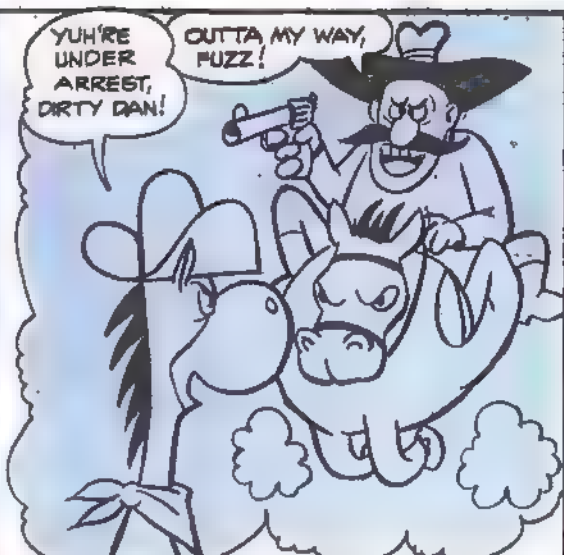
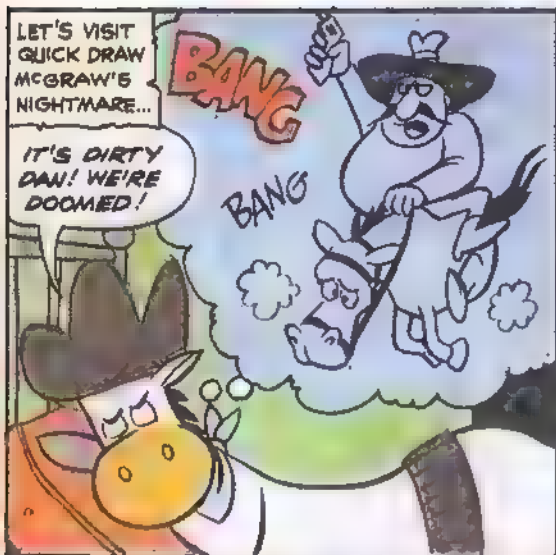
GOOD...

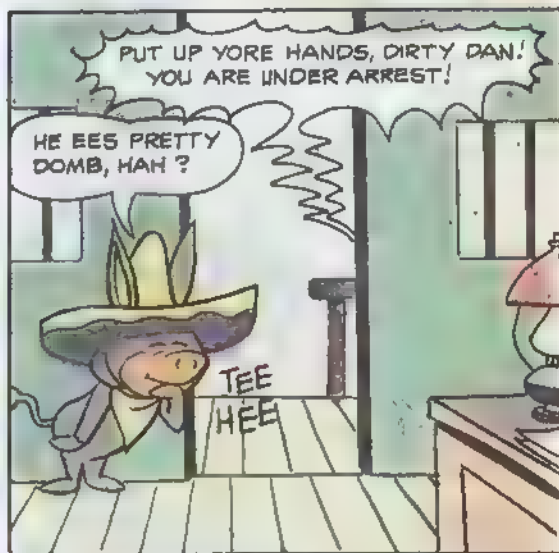
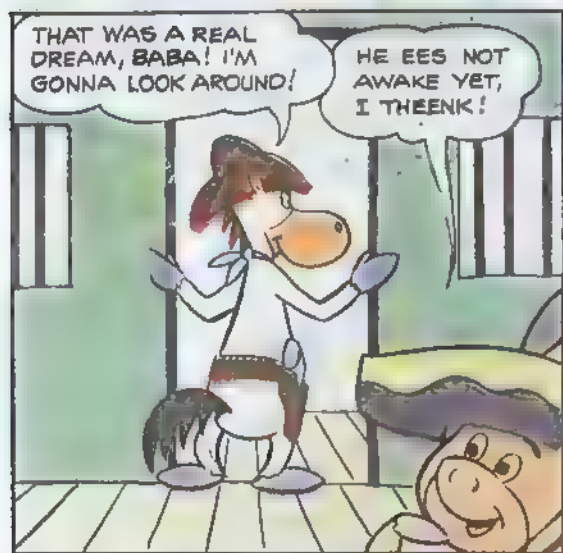
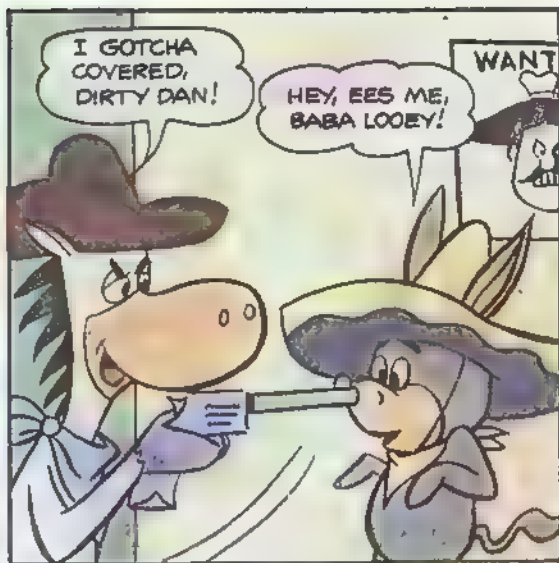


HE EES HAVEENG
NIGHTMARE ALREADY!

BANG
BAM







THE DIAPER PIN KID

I.

I am the Diaper Pin Kid,
I have done what I did,
Cleaned up the Old West,
So now it is the best,
I shot off it's lid!

VI.

Now I had a very hard task,
To find that man with the mask.
I looked everywhere,
From here to there,
But nobody could I ask.

II.

The masked bandit came here,
Of Sheriffs he had no fear,
He was quick on the draw,
Didn't care about the law,
Shot first then drank his beer.

VII.

Alas, what could I do,
Without a single clue,
Yet in my little mind,
I knew that I would find,
The man that nobody knew!

III.

He would hold up the stages,
Steal the drivers' wages,
He was so very bold,
Took the boxes of gold,
His crime filled many pages.

VIII.

I looked into everyone's face,
Even the man they called Ace,
Then I knew he was the one,
Now his game was done,
He would live in disgrace.

IV.

When they called for my help,
I gave out a loud yelp,
Mounted my Rocking Horse,
I'd show him who was boss,
Rode to the town called Big Stelp.

IX.

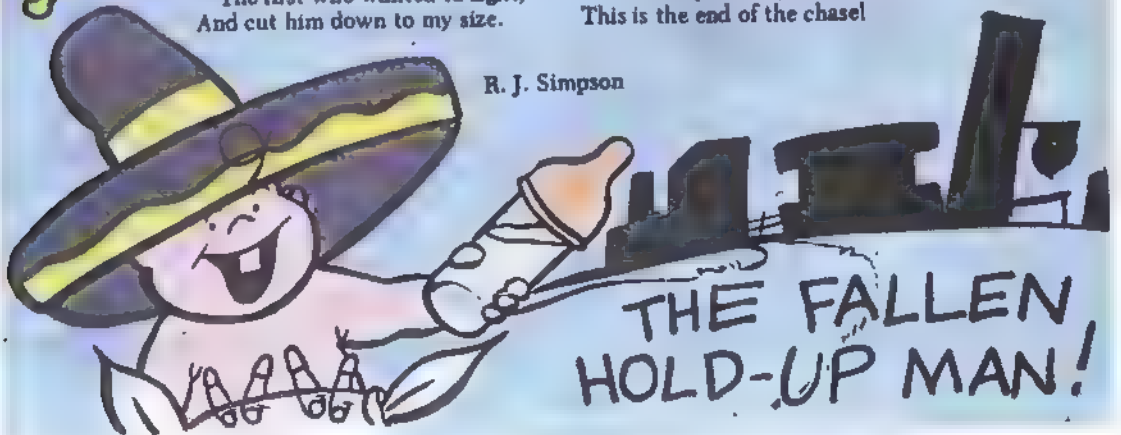
I place you under arrest!
I held a diaper pin to his chest,
I will make it short,
In any kind of court,
They will put you to rest.

V.

I came as a big surprise,
They couldn't believe their eyes,
For I was ready to bite,
The first who wanted to fight,
And cut him down to my size.

Where the mask was on your face,
Of sunburn there is no trace,
Your crooked life comes to an end,
Too late your ways to mend,
This is the end of the chasel

R. J. Simpson



THE FALLEN
HOLD-UP MAN!

The Year of the Lemming!



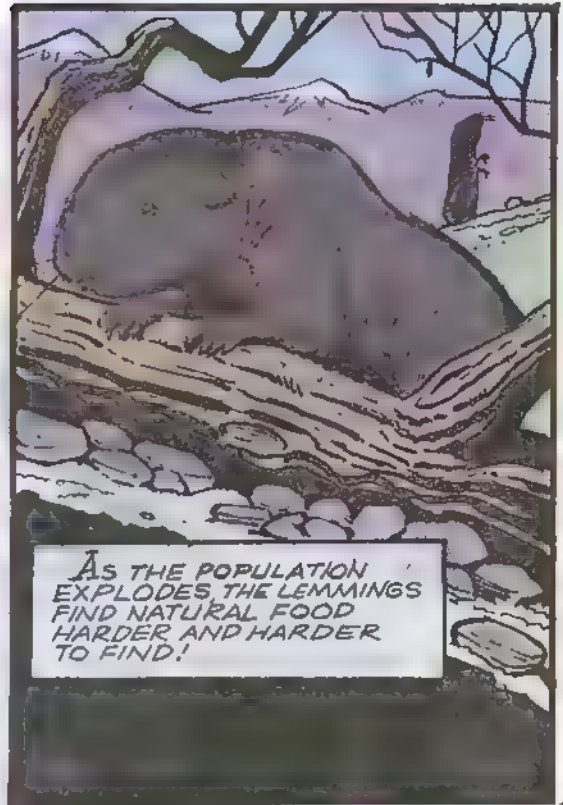
LEMMINGS VARY IN NUMBER FROM YEAR TO YEAR. IN A SCARCE YEAR, THEY ARE TIMID AND SECRETIVE!



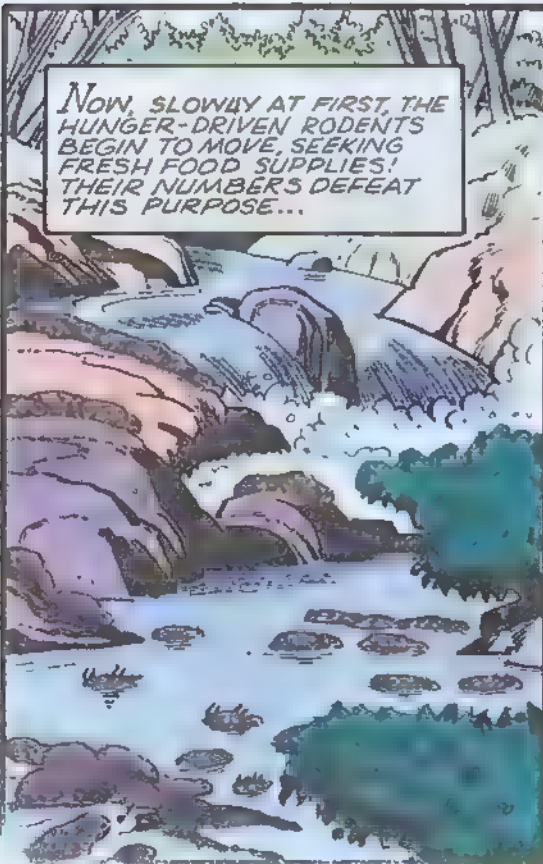
THESE FRAIL LITTLE CREATURES HAVE A THICK PELT AND A LAYER OF FAT BENEATH, WHICH ENABLES THEM TO THRIVE IN THE SEVERE WINTERS OF NORTHERN EUROPE...



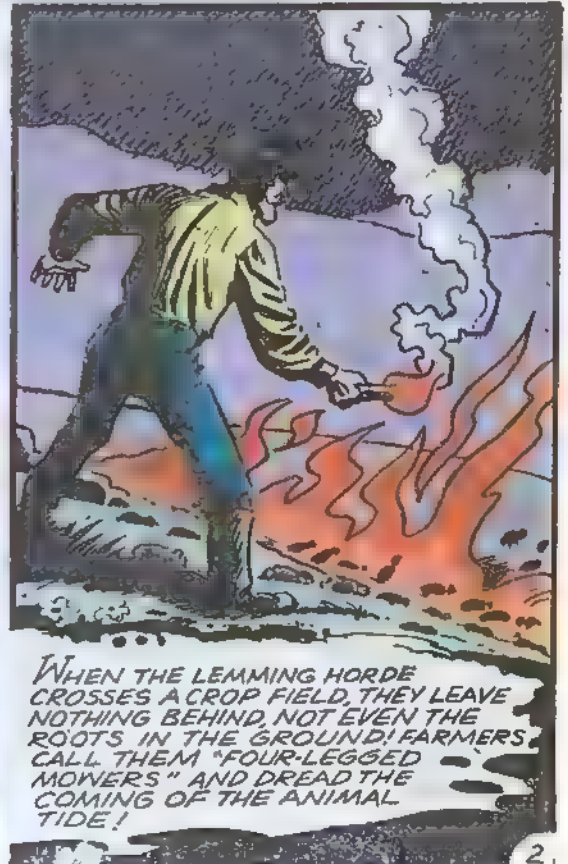
THE LEMMING CYCLE OR RATE OF POPULATION INCREASE IS ABOUT FOUR YEARS.... AND LITTLE MOTHER LEMMING IN THE FOURTH OR MOST ABUNDANT YEAR IS CAPABLE OF PRODUCING 16,000 DESCENDANTS IN THE SPAN OF A SINGLE YEAR!



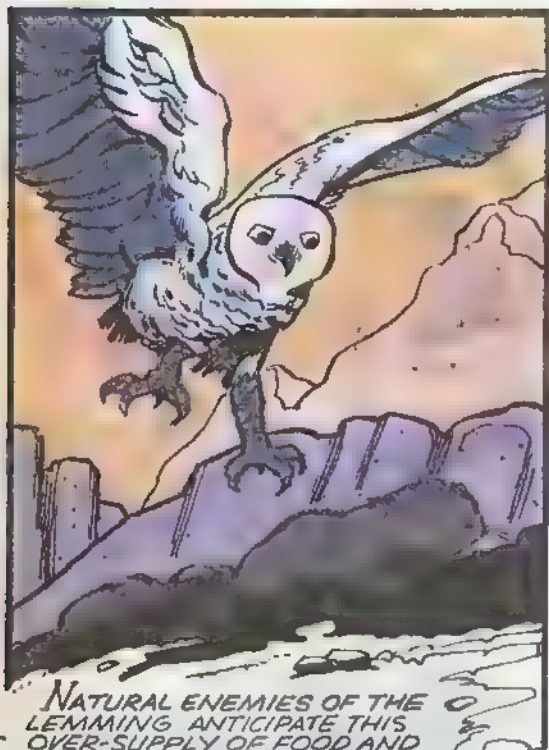
AS THE POPULATION EXPLODES, THE LEMMINGS FIND NATURAL FOOD HARDER AND HARDER TO FIND!



NOW, SLOWLY AT FIRST, THE HUNGER-DRIVEN RODENTS BEGIN TO MOVE, SEEKING FRESH FOOD SUPPLIES! THEIR NUMBERS DEFEAT THIS PURPOSE....



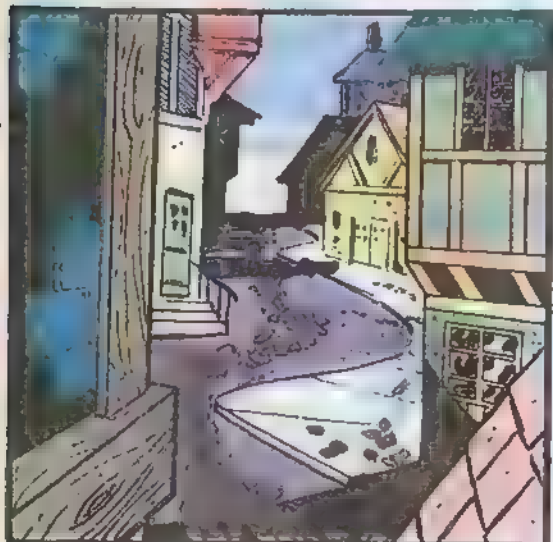
WHEN THE LEMMING HORDE CROSSES A CROP FIELD, THEY LEAVE NOTHING BEHIND, NOT EVEN THE ROOTS IN THE GROUND! FARMERS CALL THEM "FOUR-LEGGED MOWERS" AND DREAD THE COMING OF THE ANIMAL TIDE!



NATURAL ENEMIES OF THE LEMMING ANTICIPATE THIS OVER-SUPPLY OF FOOD AND COMPENSATE... THE GREAT SNOWY OWL LAYS MORE EGGS IN THE SEASON OF THE LEMMING!

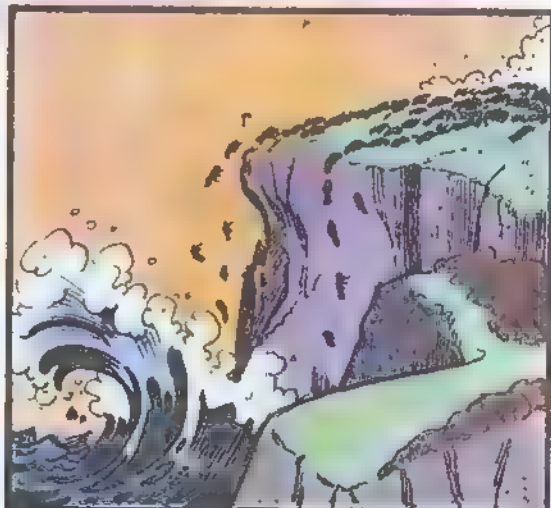


SEAGULLS FLY FAR INLAND FOR THE FEAST! FOXES COME FROM FAR AWAY AND THERE ARE MORE FOXES THAN IN ORDINARY YEARS WHEN THE LEMMINGS MAKE THEIR GREAT MARCH!



IF A TOWN LIES IN THEIR PATH AS THEY MARCH TO THE SEA, THEY ENTER IT, IGNORE THE PEOPLE IN THEIR FRANTIC SEARCH FOR FOOD! FOR TWO WEEKS, NORMAL TOWN LIFE IS AT A STANDSTILL UNTIL THE LAST OF THE INVADERS MARCH ON TO THE EDGE OF THEIR WATERY GRAVE!

IT IS THE UNCEASING PRESSURE OF THE STARVING LEMMINGS BEHIND THE LEADERS THAT FORCE THEM INTO THE SEA! BY MILLIONS THEY DROWN UNTIL ONLY A FEW THOUSAND ARE LEFT AND THEIR NATURAL ENEMIES SOON ERASE THIS PITIFUL REMNANT! MILLIONS HAVE PERISHED....



.... BUT IN FOUR MORE YEARS, IT WILL BE REPEATED... ON AND ON AS IT HAS BEEN FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS!

END

